

Yellow Warbler, c.	Brown Thrasher, c.
Magnolia Warbler.	House Wren, c.
Myrtle Warbler.	Long-billed Marsh Wren.
Cerulean Warbler, c.	Brown Creeper, 1.
Chestnut-sided Warbler.	White-breasted Nuthatch.
Blackburnian Warbler.	Red-breasted Nuthatch.
Palm Warbler, 1.	Tufted Titmouse.
Oven-bird, c.	Chickadee.
Water-Thrush.	Golden-crowned Kinglet.
Louisiana Water-Thrush, 1.	Ruby-crowned Kinglet.
Mourning Warbler, 1.	Blue-gray Gnatcatcher.
Hooded Warbler, 2.	Wood Thrush, c.
Maryland Yellow-throat, c.	Wilson's Thrush.
Yellow-breasted Chat.	Olive-backed Thrush.
Am. Redstart, c.	Robin, c.
Am. Pipit.	Bluebird.
Catbird, c.	

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The Passing of the Bird.

Much has been written bearing upon the extermination of birds for millinery purposes, the mantle of censure falling upon the plume hunter, "regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Journals with ornithological aspirations, and some with no aspirations at all, have taken up the cudgel with a hard set determination of eliminating the plume hunter, and the sweet young creature who decorates her hat with his ill-gotten gains. The fact, however, is overlooked that Dame Fashion, that fickle old goddess who, from time immemorial, has sat upon her throne of beauty and ruled the world, places the mark for the feminine eye. Until she issues her imperial ukase that the persecution of the bird must cease, it will be painfully in evidence upon the hat, while the plume hunter will ply his "nefarious" calling, unmindful of the ill aimed arrows of his bird-loving enemies.

The large hearted sportsman with a prospective "shoot "

in view, appeals to a sluggish legislature in behalf of the birds, while the fair contingent of some Audubon Society touches the susceptible heart of some blond-haired member with a prayer for her feathered friends.

At the last session of the Georgia Legislature (November, 1900), a bill was introduced for the protection of singing birds, but it met an untoward fate, and its head dropped into the basket of the executioner.

The term "singing bird" was misleading, and its definition too ponderous for the average mind of Georgia's most august body, over which the shade of Daniel Webster had never fallen. Some of the members voted against the bill, claiming that the title "singing bird" was not complete in its meaning, that some birds might be killed through ignorance, without any intentional violation of the law. A compromise was made, however, and a bill passed for the protection of Mockingbirds.

How well this law is being enforced can be better understood by listening to the familiar chirp of the young Mocker whose cage hangs in front of most any Italian's fruit stand in Atlanta.

The honesty of purpose of the many young women who have championed the cause of the birds cannot be too highly commended, but they, like their male admirers, are carrying their war of "protection" too far in one direction. Occasionally one finds an article in a magazine or newspaper touching upon the devastation of our forests, and without any undue display of sentiment the writer pleads for the preservation of the trees. One does not have to look very far ahead to see in the destruction of these grand old landmarks the gradual but certain extermination of the birds. I have been thoroughly convinced that the clearing of the large tracts of timbered lands and the draining of marshes and other low places, has had a marked tendency towards driving the birds from their former haunts and feeding grounds. The reaching out in all directions of our extensive system of trolley lines from the cities to the country beyond, thereby increasing the population as well as enlarging the area of every suburban town, has played no insignificant part in the "great drama" of bird life.

In my immediate surrounding the baleful influence of the plume hunter has not been felt, and it never has been my ill fortune to meet one of those much abused and much written about gentlemen.

There is no doubt that surf and shore birds have suffered greatly from the depredations of the plume hunter; the Gulls and the Terns adding largely to the victims of his deadly gun. But in inland districts, remote from water courses and the sea, where the birds are seldom taken for the millinery trade, their unmistakable decrease in numbers must be attributed to something else.

In eighteen hundred and forty-eight my father moved from Key West, Florida to Atlanta, Georgia. The place was then a little country town, and the spot upon which our home was built, was virtually in the wilderness. The Bob White, or Partridge, as it was commonly called, was a familiar bird, and plentifully found anywhere in the woods. They were not often disturbed, for the sturdy old farmer in those days would have considered it defamation of character to point his long squirrel rifle at such small game as a Partridge.

Soon Atlanta outgrew her swaddling clothes, and the far reaching hand of progressive man began to remodel the plan of the little village and in time her barren fields and red clay hills were hidden by the towering walls of a great city. The modern breech loader, and the well trained dog appeared upon the scene and the Bob White like the wandering Arab folded his tent and stole silently away.

In this Southern country before the civil war, when land and labor were both plentiful and cheap, it was a common custom with the farmer in preparing his "new ground" to girdle the trees and leave them standing upon the land.

The fields after being cultivated or "skinned" for four or five years, were "turned out" to become a tangle of weeds or briars. These old fields were always a kind of preempted claim of the Bob White, while the dead trees above them were perforated with the holes of the Red-headed Woodpecker, and Flicker, the Bluebird coming in as a social adjunct to the rest of the family.

It would be more than a day's tramp from any of our large Southern towns, to one of those "turned-out" fields now, and the adventurous pilgrim who undertook the tour, would return to his wigwam more hungry than wise.

Sixteen miles east from Atlanta and directly on the line of the Georgia Railroad, stands Stone Mountain, at which place is located the plant of a granite industry. Before these works were erected, the spot was a perfect wilderness of red cedar, and yellow jessamine. It afforded a roosting, as well as a nesting place for the Turkey Vulture, while the shrubbery which covered the mountain, provided an ample shelter for smaller birds to nest and rear their young. Not a feather can now be found upon that mountain, every vestige of plant life has been wiped from that time-honored spot and to day it stands a bare rock reaching above the clouds, a sad reminder of its former grandeur. There is another bird which must not remain unsung. it would be downright treachery, like selling my Southern birthright, to forget the bird of my youth—the Purple Martin. I often think of that tall pole with the many gourds tied to it, which "Uncle Tom," our old black daddy had planted behind his "quarters", just between the horse lot, and the plum orchard, for the accommodation of the Martins. There was always a sacred tie between an old time darkey and the Martins; he never neglected to provide for their comfort, and the birds came and went without an unkind "fling" from their black benefactor.

A Martin pole would be a "rare find," now, and the Martins? I sometimes see a few sailing overhead, and I often wonder where they build their nests. Once or twice I have put up boxes for their use, but the English Sparrows have always taken possession of them before the Martins arrived.

The old time darkey, one of the finest friends that these birds ever possessed, has already reached the turn in the road to the Darksome Valley, and will soon pass into the shadows of the "Great Beyond." I know not that when the work of life's eventful day is done, that the storm tossed mariner will see the celestial beacon of a better world. But if there is a

reward for the faithful toiler in the master's vineyard, then that old servant as he bows heavy laden before the throne, will lose his burden, and passing through "the gates ajar" will wake in the dawn of a brighter day. In many of our institutions of learning, arbor day has been incorporated into the course of study, and every year upon a certain day, trees are planted, and the necessity of preserving them is instilled into the mind of the student. A few days ago I read an article in the *Atlanta Daily Journal* commenting upon a recent visit of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson to Mount Mitchell, North Carolina, "the highest peak east of the Rockies." The Secretary criticised severely the denuding of the forest for "commercial and mistaken agricultural purposes," and complimented the effort to obtain from the Government an appropriation for a forest reserve. Mr. Wilson made the startling disclosure that while the north and the west had more than 70,000,000 acres of forest reserve, the south had none. But one move begets another, and the day is not far distant when the trees, as well as the birds will be better protected in this Southern land. North Carolina though the first Southern State to forge to the front will find others as energetic as she, that will follow closely in her wake.

It is a noble undertaking for some tree and bird-loving spirit, though a tedious journey over a rough unbeaten path, and one upon which few foot prints have yet been made.

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A Late September Horizon at Cairo, Ills., Including a Brief Visit to "The Point."

While visiting in the Southern Section of the state last fall, it was the writer's privilege to spend a single hour on "The Point."

To those who are unfamiliar with the topography of Illinois, let it be stated that the above expression applies strictly to that low flat, alluvial tract of land, situated at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and extending southeasterly